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Commonweal

**THE
FIRE**

NOW..... ELDRIDGE CLEAVER
on Field Nigger Power

**PROFIT
OVER**

PURITY..... RICHARD W. FOX
on Hong Kong pragmatism

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NEWS AND VIEWS

Why don't others see us as we see ourselves? Why don't foreigners realize how basically peaceable, even downright lovable we are?

Big reasons, like the Vietnam war, of course. But small ones, too.

Take, for instance, recent testimony of Mrs. Anna Roosevelt Halsted, daughter of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, on the subject of the U.S. role in the fight for human rights in the United Nations.

We have past accomplishments to our credit, true. "But where today does our country stand in the eyes of the world?" Mrs. Halsted asked. "Other nations have been ratifying conventions over the years, but not the United States. Genocide has been made an international crime by 71 nations; forced labor by 78; slavery by 70. Out of 123 member states in the United Nations, only eight have failed to ratify any human rights convention. The United States is next to the bottom of the list, having finally ratified the convention against slavery last December."

The conventions against genocide and on the right to organize have been before the Senate since 1949 without ratification, and the conventions on political rights for women and on forced labor since 1963. Four other conventions on rights have not even been submitted to the Senate for ratification. In short, even on what should be routine matters the U.S. image abroad is hardly what we imagine it to be. If foreign students burn the U.S. flag on occasion, should we find that fact completely surprising?

The American Jewish Congress has come up with a proposal to meet such difficulties as the increasing number of clergymen who cannot in conscience support war, but who recognize the right of servicemen to religious guidance: replace military chaplains with religious counselors not subject to military discipline.

"Religion must always remain the

guardian of the nation's conscience and the moral judge of its actions," the American Jewish Congress noted in a resolution at its national biennial convention. "It cannot fulfill that sacred responsibility if it is at the same time the handmaiden of government."

The point is well made. It is important that there be a religious presence available to servicemen, but when that presence is part of the military machine, it invariably takes on the ethos of the military, to its ultimate distortion and, sometimes, perversion. (Mark some of the statements of the Navy Chief of Chaplains, Rear Admiral James W. Kelly, about the "God-centered morality" of the war in Vietnam.)

The American Jewish Congress recommends the use of civilian chaplains "paid by their respective faiths and bearing no responsibility or duty other than ministering to the religious needs of the soldiers who seek their help or guidance."

The recommendation has total merit, but it will have less than total support. AJC has called on the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, the National Council of Churches and the Synagogue Council of America to back its recommendations; none is likely to become a champion of the cause.

But maybe the courts will some day decide, on legal grounds, what the Churches ought to have concluded themselves on grounds of purity and integrity of mission. The Supreme Court is presently considering whether taxpayers have legal standing to sue on the basis of separation of church and state. If it decides affirmatively, one of the first legal challenges will certainly be to the constitutionality of military chaplaincies.

Stipends and royalties from the book *The Underground Church* (Sheed & Ward) have been donated by the editor (Malcolm Boyd), contributing authors (17) and jacket designer (Sister Corita)

to Clergy and Laity Concerned About Vietnam and to the Milwaukee NAACP Youth Council, Father James Groppi's group.

If the book catches on, several thousand dollars could be involved. A month after publication the book was reported doing "very nicely," with sales between 5,000 and 6,000 copies.

John Duffett zeroes in on Philadelphia and its hard-nosed police-commissioner, Frank Rizzo, in the radical newsweekly *Guardian*:

"... Rizzo has trained 125 policemen as helicopter-borne 'sharpshooters' and equipped them with GI-type flak armor and telescopically fitted automatic rifles for operation as 'counter-sniper' teams. That snipers exist in numbers to warrant an effort of this magnitude, Rizzo seems to have no doubt. Commissioner Rizzo is the man who gained the everlasting admiration of the establishment for his statement, 'There may be a riot in Philadelphia, but it's going to be the shortest riot in history.'"

Auxiliary Bishop James P. Shannon of St. Paul-Minneapolis in a homily at a "Year of Faith" Mass at the University of Notre Dame:

"I often feel that our current skimpy theology of peace and war owes more to the slogans of the American Legion than to the original teachings of Christ."

Directly tragic have become the alleged Marian apparitions, which have been reported around Cairo and "authenticated" by the Coptic Patriarch, Kyrillos VI.

Fifteen persons were trampled to death and hundreds injured recently when 10,000 persons fought their way into the Church of Michael the Archangel in suburban Shubra, after rumors of new apparitions there. Hitherto it has been in the suburb of Zaitoun where Mary had been "seen" blessing crowds and protesting "what the Jews are doing" to the Holy Places.

JOHN DEEDY

CORRESPONDENCE



Wedding Bells for Bishops

Notre Dame, Ind.
To the Editors: Father Joseph H. Fichter's article, "Bishops Ought to Marry" [May 24], is a splendid example of fresh constructive thinking which springs from the basic conviction that the Church is not tied forever to the disciplinary practices of the past. This is especially true of the Latin Rite Church's insistence upon compulsory clerical celibacy which is at variance with the practice of the early Church and of the Apostles themselves, practically all of whom were married. It is at variance also with the practice of the Eastern Rite Churches which, with their married clergy, reflect the authentic tradition of the Apostolic Church.

What is especially refreshing and original is the proposal of the noted Jesuit sociologist that when the reform comes in the Church legislation, as it surely will and soon, there should be optional marriage for priests but mandatory marriage for bishops. This would be an impressive and even dramatic manner of teaching the faithful that there is no inherent incongruity between marriage and the priesthood even in its fullness.

It would further emphasize and implement the teaching of Vatican II concerning the dignity of the marital state and the holiness of conjugal love: "Authentic married love is caught up into divine love and is governed and enriched by Christ's redeeming power and the saving activity of the Church . . . As spouses fulfill their conjugal and family obligations, they are penetrated with the Spirit of Christ," which suffuses their whole lives with "faith, hope and charity."

In short, the marriage of bishops would be more effective than thousands of sermons in emphasizing the nobility, beauty and holiness of Christian marriage and in effacing from the minds of innumerable Catholics the Manichean concept of the conjugal relation as de-

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NOT BY GLORY ALONE

The great wonder of the current French crisis is that it did not happen sooner. During Charles de Gaulle's ten-year reign, the economy, admittedly, was expanded, the franc strengthened, France's independence in international relations asserted and order introduced into the nation's affairs generally. Politically, order was maintained by de Gaulle's paternalism, by calculated control of television and radio, and by his repeated warnings to the electorate that they had only two choices: de Gaulle or chaos. There is no doubt that the General had brought order out of the chaos that was France after the debacles in Indochina and Algeria. He restored France's international prestige, which allowed the French to bask in a measure of *la gloire*, but at home government planners and industrial and business technocrats were creating the kind of society that appeals mainly to cost accountants. In the process, the workers, held to lower wage increases and benefits than in any other country in Western Europe, were in effect squeezed to keep the national economy stable, but also to force more profits to the upper and middle managerial classes. The working class was edged out of the decisions about even those things that affected them directly (for example, their medical benefits were reduced without their being consulted) and they were offered only an occasional black-or-white referendum in which they could vote "yes" or "no," for or against the government, for de Gaulle or chaos.

And then suddenly the students erupted, sparked at first, in a familiar pattern, by a small group of radicals and then spreading dramatically as university and government officials reacted with a mixture of petulance and panic and sent in the police. The enormous gap between the French establishment and the younger generation was clear enough in the student demonstrations but when, shortly thereafter, young workers began to seize and occupy French industries, it became apparent, too, that rank and file workers were consistently more militant than their leaders, whether in the Communist-led General Federation of Labor, the predominantly Catholic Demo-

cratic Federation or the smaller Socialist Workers Force. As has happened in other countries, the union fat cats were seen to be as much a part of the establishment as the managers and politicians.

The phenomenal thing about this gigantic Gallic happening is that the well-ordered, well-planned French society was so quickly and so decisively disrupted. Technocratic blueprints simply do not provide for a spontaneous rising of the people. The element of surprise and the wide scale of the revolt seem to have astounded President de Gaulle and may account for his uncharacteristic hesitation in dealing with what was obviously a national crisis. Even his subsequent firmness, after checking first with the army, was, according to some reports, more the result of Premier Pompidou's decisiveness than de Gaulle's. The cabinet shake-up has strengthened Pompidou's hand and if, as is currently speculated, the June elections give the Gaullists greater representation than before, the post-de Gaulle era may begin even before General de Gaulle gets around to resigning.

The possibility of a Gaullist victory despite the widespread dissatisfaction with the present regime evinced in the wave of strikes and plant seizures may be puzzling to Americans, but older French people, those who appeared by the thousands in counter-demonstrations in support of de Gaulle, have long memories of the confusion that prevailed for so long in France before de Gaulle returned to power ten years ago. Young workers and the students, most of them children of affluence from the middle and upper classes, have no such recollections to cool their revolutionary ardor. And, because of the strong and deeply felt class differences between workers and students, it is unlikely that they will unite now in a common front.

Still, the government has already made concessions to the workers in negotiations beyond the leaders' fondest dreams. Among the students, reformists seem to have stolen center-stage from the hard-core revolutionaries. It would seem then that the elections plus concessions will combine to dissipate a putative revolution and the French will settle for reform *and* order. After the upheavals of the past weeks, however, the technocrats and politicians will not, perhaps, become so complacent again. Perhaps.

CLEAVER AND BERRIGAN

As it happens, two items in the present issue were written by men who are now in jail. We didn't plan it that way, but Philip Berrigan's statement (p. 373) and Eldridge Cleaver's article (p. 375) arrived simultaneously; both required quick publication. And both require extended meditation. Of the two Father Berrigan's statement will undoubtedly evoke a quicker comprehension and probably a more sympathetic reverberation. Even

those who disagree with his position will recognize his language and know the tradition out of which he speaks; our readers will be on familiar ground in wrestling with his challenge.

Mr. Cleaver's article poses a different problem. His language is not that of the Gospel. His stance does not display the patience and forbearance of a Father Berrigan. Eldridge Cleaver is not asking us merely to consider his position. He is presenting a naked, uncompromising demand: give the black man what he wants or be ready for war. In an ideological world like that of this magazine and probably most of our readers—a world which recoils from violence and violent threats—Mr. Cleaver breaks the rules.

Should one, then, listen to a Father Berrigan and dismiss an Eldridge Cleaver? No, and for two reasons. First, that same tradition out of which Father Berrigan speaks has always made room for the legitimate, violent revolt. Mr. Cleaver's *Black America*, and the even broader America of the poor, takes its stand on what he calls "the eternal right of a free people," the right to an economic system capable of "fulfilling the needs of society." These needs are not being fulfilled. An old-time scholastic would have little trouble justifying a violent revolt on the part of the black man: when all else is failing and your cause just and urgent, QED. (Of course old-time scholastics rarely exercised their talents in favor of repressed black minorities; and they're not coming forward to do so today.)

Second, Mr. Cleaver does offer an alternative. The rich man and the white man are being told that they can meet the demands; it is within their means and their power. And it clearly and obviously is. What sane man cannot recognize this? What sane man can fail to see that a nation which can afford the Vietnamese War can afford to give the black and the poor what they need to live a decent life?

Of course what is offensive about Mr. Cleaver's posing of alternatives is that he leaves no room for some happy middle ground. He has no tolerance for the present economic system, which has hit upon the happy compromise of a little justice here, a little injustice there, neatly balancing out all viewpoints; that old "give-and-take." Why should he? Anyway, it has been the black man who has done the giving and the white man the taking; even as compromises go it was and remains a rotten one. No man, black or white, should be put in the position of having to bargain for justice. No man should be expected passively to concede another the right to treat him unjustly. But when the black man is asked to remain non-violent in the face of his own repression, that is exactly what we seem to be expecting of him.

Do we approve of Mr. Cleaver's article and position? No, we much prefer the way of a Father Berrigan. But we have no good arguments for refuting Mr. Cleaver's reasoning; he has us, and every other white middle-class

liberal who prefers the way of patience and nonviolent protest. We had better take up the peaceful option which he advances.

WASHINGTON RUN-AROUND

Earlier camp-ins of the poor were met with active suppression. The current poor people's campaign has thus far encountered government press handouts and sympathetic hearings from Wilbur Cohen. Government agencies are always ready to oblige its severest critics with the publication of the most alarming statistics, and somberly agree that there are nearly 20 million Americans deprived of adequate nutrition because they are poor. Facts no longer impress nor are the arguments of the poor or their spokesmen going to be effective in preventing Congress from eviscerating our already wafer thin welfare programs, much less abolishing poverty.

As the poor came to Washington the cry went up for them to clarify their demands, as if their presence was not itself an unmistakably clear demand. The response from Congress was, at this writing, to install a communications network between each congressman and the Capitol police to warn of racial disorders within the city. The reaction of official Washington to the plight of the poor was demonstrated by one congressman who, asked about

his response to future "disorders" in the District, said he would lock himself in his office, adding, "I've got an equalizer there."

Meanwhile, the Rev. Ralph Abernathy, coordinator of the campaign, decided that the time had come for a display of white support, and enlisted the help of Bayard Rustin for an integrated march on the capital on June 19. Rustin, was hailed as a master strategist after the 1963 civil rights march that was answered by a wave of rhetorical support and lofty civil rights legislation that did not touch the problem of structural poverty. His statement last week, however, spoke directly and unmistakably to the lingering problem of official indifference to poverty and antagonism to the poor. He urged a 12-point program which as a start would "legislate the immediate creation of at least one million socially useful career jobs in public service." Also demanded were the adoption of the housing and urban development act of 1968, repeal of punitive welfare restrictions, the extension to farm workers of the right to organize, and the restoration of budgetary cuts in numerous poverty programs. Seven more specific demands were presented to those whose excuse for inaction had been the vagueness of the demands of the poor people.

But once the Rustin programs are circulated, new objections will be raised. Already are heard the voices of caution and those who urge the poor to "go slow" while

The Berrigan Case

The following is excerpted from a statement read by Father Philip Berrigan in United States District Court in Baltimore before his sentencing to six years in federal prison on charges of mutilating Selective Service files.

One acts as we did because of a certain view of man, and of man's world. We claim to be Christian, but that is a claim never verified or completed. It is rather a process of becoming, since man is by definition one who becomes himself—a painful but glorious process, as history tells us. In the same context, we believe that God's Son became man, so that man might become himself—which is to say, a son of the Father, a brother to the Son, a temple of God's spirit, a brother to all other brothers. Becoming a man, we feel, is becoming what Christ was. And this we have tried to do. . . .

. . . These are not times for building justice. These are times for confronting injustice. This we feel is the number one item of national business—to confront the entrenched, massive and complex injustice of our society. And to confront it justly, non-violently, and with maximum exposure of oneself and one's future.

Like the other defendants, I am an American, and a Christian, only insofar as I face my country and all men,

under the Declaration of Independence and the Gospel. As a democratic man, I must cling to a tradition of protest going back to our birth as a nation—traditions which brightened our finest hours as a people. Jefferson, Washington, Madison, Thoreau, Emerson, Whitman and Twain; they also stand in this dock today; they judge you as you judge me. They judge our inhuman use of human beings, our racism, our neglect of the poor, our courts in servitude to the war. I do not hesitate to say that were these men alive today, they would disobey as I have disobeyed, and be convicted as I am convicted.

As a Christian, I must love and respect all men—loving the good they love, hating the evil they hate. If I know what I am about, the brutalization, despair and squalor of other men demeans me and threatens me, unless I resist. This is perhaps why Tom Lewis and I acted again [in Catonsville] with our friends. The point at issue with us was not the leniency or punishment that lay ahead, not courage or arrogance, not being a danger to the community or a benefit to it. The issue was simply what it means to be a democratic man and a Christian man. If we could shed the slightest light on these two momentous questions, it was enough for us. . . .

\$6 billion is hacked from the federal budget in exchange for a \$10 billion tax surcharge to finance, regressively, as usual—the war. What neither Rustin nor even congressional sympathizers with the poor dare to mention is the fact that eliminating poverty in America is something America does not want to do. The problem of structural poverty is the problem of a structure that insures that the poor will be denied access to the means to alleviate their condition—one reason that Rustin was called in to enlist the support of the liberal middle class who presumably have more political clout. America, riding high in the prosperous 1960's, still clings to the threadbare ideology of free enterprise, self-help and occasional charity, while refusing to acknowledge how government itself is structured to subsidize the corporations and the rich through "pork barrel" legislation and effective lobbying techniques. In effect, the rich march on Washington all the time—but decorously. And their interests are well taken care of in the form of tax loopholes and incentives, direct and indirect subsidies, government contracts, highway and space programs, and numerous projects more. The poor, however, are a class apart.



Squeezing California's Grape Growers

Despite success in organizing Southern California's major wineries, the United Farm Workers, under the direction of Cesar Chavez, are still contending against 24 table-grape growers, including the largest producer in the world, Joseph Giumarra and Sons, Inc.

Giumarra's vineyards extend over 12,000 acres of the San Joaquin Valley. Last year alone they yielded a gross product of \$14 million. It is here that the UFW has concentrated its current strike, and here that it has encountered the stiffest opposition since the Delano strike began in 1965. The growers argue that unionizing workers is senseless in the face of increasing mechanization on the farms and, in fact, unions will only encourage automation. Cesar Chavez, who was in New York last month seeking union support, recalls that the same arguments were used in the '30s by automobile companies to discourage Walter Reuther's efforts to organize the auto workers.

If and when mechanization comes to the grape industry, Chavez believes, the union will be able to insure the worker a share in the profits it brings. "Our main concern is men, not machines," Chavez says. "I'm not sure what effects automation will have in terms of manpower. Right now it doesn't make any difference. What does make a difference is that the farm workers have

the same right as other Americans to bargain collectively with his employer. Unless the farm worker is represented, every future development in agricultural production will come, as in the past, at the expense of his human dignity." More than increasing wages or improving working conditions, this is what the Delano strike is all about.

The UFW has been striking Giumarra since August 1967. Thus far neither the 95 per cent of workers who have left the vineyards nor the nationwide boycott of Giumarra products has been able to bring the grower to the bargaining table. Chavez says that this is mainly due to: 1) the failure of the U.S. Department of Justice to enforce immigration laws prohibiting the use of "green card" workers (day-haul Mexican labor) and "illegal" Mexican wetbacks to break a certified strike; and 2) Giumarra's continued use of multi-labels and often none at all to frustrate the boycott, despite UFW complaints to the U.S. Food and Drug Administration. As a result, the UFW is now boycotting all California eating grapes (except those carrying the label of the DiGiorgio Corp. which recognizes the union) in an effort to bring greater pressure on Giumarra.

Besides meeting with various union leaders in New York this month to obtain wider support of the economic boycott, Chavez later went to Washington to confer with immigration officials over tougher enforcement of the laws prohibiting the use of green card and illegal workers as strike-breakers.

There is little doubt the UFW will eventually win the strike against Giumarra, just as it has been successful against larger companies like DiGiorgio and Schenley. The concern is that the strike be won now, before the 1968 harvest season gets underway. The Giumarra strike is costing the union more than \$50,000 a month; most of it comes from monthly donations by the AFL-CIO, the United Auto Workers and other unions, as well as volunteer donations and the support of UFW members who are now working under contract in the large California wineries.

The UFW has already received strong backing in New York from Paul Hall's militant Seafarer's Union. The Seafarers are providing housing, food and transportation to the 15 UFW members now organizing the boycott in New York. The UFW is counting, however, on help from the railroad workers, the retail clerks and others to make the boycott more effective and cripple Giumarra's national sales.

Firm support from the unions and/or a move by the Justice Department to halt the entry of illegal labor into the strike zones could put a quick end to Giumarra's resistance and consequently that of the smaller table-grape producers in the San Joaquin Valley.

JOSEPH F. GAGEN

(Joseph F. Gagen is an editor with Clarity Publishing in Albany, N.Y.)

THE FIRE NOW



Field Nigger Power takes over the black movement

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER



A reassessment of national black leadership has been in order since the assassination of Malcolm X. The assassination of Martin Luther King makes such a reassessment inevitable. With the death of King, an entire era of leadership with a distinct style and philosophy, spanning some fifty years, draws to a final and decisive close. A new black leadership with its own distinct style and philosophy, which has always been there, waiting in the wings and consciously kept out of the limelight, will now come into its own, to center stage. Nothing can stop this leadership from taking over because it is based on charisma, has the allegiance and support of the black masses, is conscious of its self and its position, and is prepared to shoot its way to power if the need arises.

It is futile and suicidal for white America to greet this new leadership with a political ostrich response. What white America had better do is find out what these leaders want for black people and then set out to discover the quickest possible way to fulfill their demands. The alternative is war, pure and simple, and not just a race war, which in itself would destroy this country, but a guerrilla war which will amount to a second civil war, with thousands of white new-John-Browns fighting on the side of the blacks, plunging America into the depths of its most desperate nightmare, on the way to realizing the American Dream.

When the NAACP was founded in 1911, it vowed, in its preamble, that until black people were invested with full political, economic and social rights, it would never cease to assail the ears of white America with its protests. Protest as the new posture of blacks toward white Amer-

ica was on its way in, and was destined to dominate the black struggle for the next fifty years. On its way out was the era of begging and supplication, rooted in slavery and the plantation, personified in the genuflecting leadership of Booker T. Washington; chief amongst its myriad treasonous acts was giving black acquiescence to the Southern racist policy of segregation, in Booker T.'s notorious sell-out speech at the Atlantic Exposition in 1896. In the same historic breath, the U.S. Supreme Court made segregation the law of the land when it approved the Separate But Equal doctrine in the case of Plessy v. Ferguson.

Dissenting from this confluence of racist ideology, black submission and judicial certification, W.E.B. DuBois led the protest that was institutionalized in the founding of the NAACP; this held sway until 1954, when the U.S. Supreme Court, recognizing that the racist ideology no longer had the necessary allegiance of black leadership, reversed itself and declared Separate But Equal, i.e., segregation, unconstitutional. Black protest leadership, which was born to combat segregation, did not know that when it heard, with universal jubilation throughout its ranks, Chief Justice Earl Warren pronounce the death penalty upon that institution, it was, in fact, listening to its own death knell. There was to be, however, a period of transition between the new outmoded protest leadership and a new prevailing leadership that had not yet defined itself.

The transitional leadership was supplied by Martin Luther King and Malcolm X, and Malcolm X, at his death, had laid the foundation of the new leadership that would succeed both him and King. Martin Luther King was a transitional figure, a curious melange of protest and revolutionary activism. He embodied the first ideological strain

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER, author of *Soul On Ice* (McGraw-Hill), wrote the above article from a jail cell in California.

in its fullest flower; he contained only a smidgin of the latter. He seemed to be saying to white America: If you don't listen to what I am saying, then you are going to have to deal with what I am doing. As far as the willingness of the white power structure to deal with black leadership goes, Martin Luther King, and the type of leadership he personified, held sway from the launching of the Montgomery Bus Boycott in 1956 down to our own day, when the vestigial remains of leadership from King's transitional era are still frantically trying to cling to power. In reality their leadership is just as dead as that of the lieutenants of Booker T. Washington at the end of their era.

The difference between Martin Luther King and Malcolm X as transitional leaders between the era of protest and our era of revolutionary activism, is that King's leadership was based on the black bourgeoisie and Malcolm's leadership was based on the black masses. In the vernacular of the ghetto, King had House Nigger Power and Malcolm had Field Nigger Power. What we have now entered, then, is an era in which Field Nigger Power and the grievances and goals of the Field Nigger—and the leadership of Field Niggers—will dominate the black movement for justice in America.

Field Niggers, Molotov Cocktails and Guns

Malcolm X used to tell a little story that points up the difference in perspective and perceived self-interest between the House Nigger and the Field Nigger. The House Nigger was close to the slavemaster. He ate better food, wore better clothes, and didn't have to work as hard as the Field Nigger. He knew that he was better off than his brothers, the Field Niggers, who were kept cooped up in the slave quarters, had only a subsistence diet this side of garbage, and had to work hard "from can't see in the morning until can't see at night." When the slavemaster's house caught on fire, the House Nigger, even more upset and concerned than the slavemaster himself, came running up to say: "Master, master, *our* house is on fire! What shall *we* do?" On the other hand, the Field Nigger, viewing the conflagration from the distance of the slave-quarters, hoped for a wind to come along and fan the flames into an all-consuming inferno.

The kernel of truth contained in that story has remained constant from the prison plantations of slavery's South to the prison ghettos of oppression's North, and the urban black, lacking the patience of his forefathers who prayed for a high wind, has opted in favor of the molotov cocktail.

The Black Muslims were the first organization of any significance in our history to understand and harness the volcanic passions of the molotov cocktail-tosser. This organization, which was a transitional organization, rooted in the black masses, based on a protest philosophy with a pinch of revolutionary activism thrown in, made the major contribution of redirecting the dialogue between black

leadership and the white power structure, changing it into a dialogue between black leadership and the black masses. This was a necessary by-product of the Muslims' bid to organize black people, because Elijah Muhammad and Malcolm X, in order to get their points across, had to talk over the heads of protest leaders to make themselves heard by the black masses.

Standing toe to toe with the protest leaders, Malcolm and Elijah, talking over their heads, exposed these leaders for what they were, and these leaders, helping to prove the Muslims' point by talking even louder than before, were talking over Malcolm and Elijah's heads—but not to the black masses. They were still chatting with Charlie, a note of desperation having slipped into their tone to be sure. But essentially, what they were saying to Charlie now was that if Charlie didn't listen to them, fund their picayune programs, then he was going to be faced with Malcolm and Elijah.

(Now, in the wake of King's death, chatting with Charlie has been driven to the ludicrous, asinine length of Whitney Young pleading to Henry Ford, Rockefeller and George Meany to lead a white folk's march on Washington to prove to blacks that all white folks aren't killers of the dream. The only salutary result of this bankrupt, ridiculous proposal, as far as the black masses are concerned, is that in singling out these three sterling figures, Young brushed them with his Judas kiss of death, identifying for the black masses three of their most culpable oppressors in the spheres of Big Fat Industry, Big Fat Finance and Big Fat Labor. Maybe all whites aren't killers of the dream, as Young suggests, but his three pals are exploiters of oppressed people, both home and abroad.)

When black leaders stopped chatting with Charlie and started cutting it up with the brothers on the block, a decisive juncture had been reached, and blacks had seized control of their own destiny. A full ideological debate ensued. The consensus of this debate was given to the world on a Mississippi dusty road, when young Stokely Carmichael leaped from obscure anonymity and shouted, with a roar of thunder, WE WANT BLACK POWER! How to get it was the only question as far as the black people were concerned.

There have been a lot of simple answers to this question, which is by no means a simple one. Black Power, whatever the form of its implementation, has to solve the question of massive unemployment and underemployment, massive bad housing, massive inferior education. It must also deal with the massive problems of institutionalized white racism manifested in subtle forms of discrimination that result in blacks being denied equal access to and use of existing public accommodations and services. From access to medical facilities through the injustices suffered by blacks in the courts, to the pervasive problem of racist, repressive police practices, Black Power has to come up with solutions.

If the experience of other colonized people is relevant,

then the answers given by Huey P. Newton, leader of the Black Panther Party, have to be dealt with. The only real power that black people in America have, argues Huey, is the power to destroy America. We must organize this destructive potential, he goes on, then we can say to the power structure that if black people don't get their political desires and needs satisfied, we will inflict a political consequence upon the system. This is a rejection of the Chamber of Commerce's *laissez faire* myth of the market place that argues to blacks that if they go out and hustle, get themselves educated, learn skills (pull yourself up by your own bootstraps, etc., etc., *ad nauseam*), the American Free Enterprise System will do the rest, that if you don't become President, you are sure at least to make a million bucks. In the age of automation and cybernation, the marketplace has been abolished by the computer. We must make a frontal attack upon the system as a whole, Huey says. We need a redistribution of wealth in America. The form of ownership of the means of production is no longer functional. It is time for the present, non-functional system to be abolished and replaced by a functional, humanistic system that can guarantee a good life for everybody. Everyman is entitled to the best and highest standard of living that the present-day level of technological development is capable of delivering. Every human being is entitled to live. If men must work in order to get the necessities of living, then every man capable of working is entitled to a job. If a man is incapable of working because of a physical inability, then society is responsible for taking care of him for as long as the physical inability exists, for life if necessary. If the businessmen who now control the economic system are incapable of fulfilling the needs of society, then the economic system must be taken out of their hands and rearranged; then the people can appoint administrators to run the economy who can deliver. That is the eternal right of a free people.

The viability of the Black Panther Party's approach to solving problems is testified to by the fact that it has engineered two remarkable feats which constitute the foundation for a revolutionary movement that overlooks nothing, is afraid of nothing and is able to resolve the major contradiction of our time. On the one hand, the Black Panther Party cemented a working coalition with the predominantly white Peace and Freedom Party. On the other hand, it effected a merger with SNCC. This is the key center of the eye of the storm, because whether they know it or not, whether they like it or not, neither white radicals nor black radicals are going to get very far by themselves, one without the other. In order for a real change to be brought about in America, we have to create machinery that is capable of moving in two different directions at the same time, machinery the two wings of which are capable of communicating with each other. The Black Panther Party, through its coalition with the Peace and Freedom Party and its merger with SNCC, has been the vector of communication between the most im-

portant vortexes of black and white radicalism in America. Any black leadership in our era with national ambitions has to embody this functional flexibility without sacrificing its integrity or its rock-bottom allegiance to the black masses.

Stokely Carmichael is Prime Minister of the Black Panther Party. Rap Brown is its Minister of Justice. James Foreman is its Minister of Foreign Affairs, and George Ware is its Field Marshal. At the same time, Huey Newton, Minister of Defense of the Black Panther Party, is running for Congress on the Peace and Freedom Party ticket. The Black Panther Party's nomination for President of the United States, running on the Peace and Freedom Party ticket, is Robert F. Williams, the black leader in exile in the People's Republic of China. Williams picked up the gun against white racism as far back as 1959. If the Black Panther Party succeeds in getting the Peace and Freedom Party to see the wisdom of picking Williams as its Presidential candidate,* then a bid for the new national black leadership will begin to come into sharper focus. And America will be astounded by this fact: not only will this leadership bear a charismatic relationship to the black masses, but it also will exercise charismatic leadership upon the white masses as well, and it will reach down into the bowels of this nation, amongst its poor, dispossessed and alienated, and it will set aflame a revolutionary wave of change that will give America a birth of freedom that it has known hitherto only in the dreams of its boldest dreamers. And it will kill, once and for all, all the killers of the dream.

*Since this was written, the author has been selected for this office.



R. P. DICKEY

MY FATHER, A LEAD MINER

Always worked underground,
strong as a stallion.
I often used to be
up in the air,
away from him,
off in a storm
of rebellion.
And still am.

But now I can see,
through the feuds,
how we (both bound
to independent codes)
would disagree. No wonder:
I'd barely be on,
and he'd be under,
the undisputed ground.

PRAGMATISM, HONG KONG STYLE



RICHARD W. FOX

"We shall fight the enemy to the last drop of our blood, and recover our own lost territory," roared the Hong Kong Communist department store's enormous red placard last summer. From May to December the local "compatriots" did their best to follow the Maoist instruction to "overthrow and utterly discredit the British fascist authorities." But at the height of their "righteous battle" with the imperialists, which featured bombs as well as marches, the official directive quietly changed.

In October the fighting words of Mao Tse-tung were removed from the placard and another Mao quote hoisted in its place: "We want to do business, and business will be done. We are against no one but domestic and foreign reactionaries who hinder us from doing business." The seesaw struggle among Peking pragmatists and purists had tipped in favor of the pragmatists around the time of the 18th anniversary celebrations in October.

Only in January, however, did the Maoist faithful in Hong Kong begin to accept their new orders—to end the bomb-plantings (which have killed 11 and injured 325) and settle down to a quieter study of Mao's thoughts. Like their zealous comrades in the other provinces of China, they had been asked to consume a bitter pill—to return to school or work and give up their active struggle to dislodge "capitalist roaders" from positions of power. But to the Hong Kong compatriots, the pill was especially bitter. For their opponents were not just revisionist Chinese, but, most evil of all, the European imperialists themselves, who in the words of *Ta Kung Pao*, a colony daily, "have raped and persecuted the Chinese nation for more than 100 years."

Moderates in Peking, however—and perhaps even a few of the Peking extremists favoring revolution at home—believed all along that despite colonial evils, the imperialists are still too useful to be dismissed from China's coast. Just as on the mainland managers and technicians ousted by Red Guards have been recalled because of their badly needed expertise, Hong Kong has been retained as an outlet for exports and a source of foreign exchange. Economic pragmatists—led perhaps by Premier Chou En-lai—now have an edge over the ideologues. Profit prevails over purity, at least for the time being.

Communist China has always relied heavily upon Hong Kong for vital foreign exchange; in 1966 her earnings through the colony amounted to over \$700 million, or more than one-half of the total. About two-thirds of that acquired from Hong Kong comes from trade, and the other one-third from remittances sent by overseas Chinese to relatives in China through Communist banks in Hong Kong. In 1967, however, Chinese exports to the colony dropped nearly 20% from the 1966 figure, and deposits in the fifteen local Communist banks fell off each month after May (when the Hong Kong rioting began). The reduction in trade stemmed chiefly from disruption within China itself, not from the Hong Kong demonstrations, strikes, and bomb-plantings. But the slow-down in the Communist sector of the colony's economy (department stores, theaters, supermarkets and night-clubs, as well as banks) followed the local revulsion from Mao excesses in Hong Kong itself.

Late in the summer of 1967—especially after the burning of the British mission in Peking on August 22—it seemed likely that Communist pressure on Hong Kong would mount, whatever the economic cost. The Maoists in Peking probably did not intend immediately to oust the British, but rather to humiliate them, to make them "acknowledge their guilt and apologize," as Macao's Portuguese had been made to do the previous January. (It is virtually impossible to overestimate the importance of "face" to the Chinese.)

But barely one month after the sacking of the British mission—and perhaps partly because of disgust among the Chinese leaders at this act of Red Guard vandalism—signs of a new tone of moderation began to appear. Meat and vegetables for Hong Kong began to arrive regularly from Canton, on trains protected by the People's Liberation Army. P.L.A.-guarded pumping stations delivered fresh water on schedule starting October 1. Two Hong Kong police constables ("yellow running-dogs" to the local Communists) who accidentally rode across the border were released with a minimum of red tape. British diplomats were again given permission to move freely around Peking. Clearly, those in authority in Peking were renewing their profitable, pragmatic pact with imperialists. Chou En-lai had said on June 24: "The Chinese People are determined to give, in accordance with the needs of the situation, every support to their compatriots in Hong Kong until final victory." The situation now required

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putting a brake on the compatriots, although not without an ideological "cover."

The local Maoists were informed, faintly and ambiguously at first, that terrorism must stop and spiritual nourishment on the thoughts of Mao Tse-tung begun. Political education would replace direct action. Bomb-plantings continued until January, however, and only at the end of January did the Hong Kong-Kowloon Anti-British Struggle Committee formally "urge the Chinese people in Hong Kong to study and spread Mao Tse-tung's thought. We must enlighten ourselves and the broad masses of our compatriots. After that we shall be able to vanquish the enemy and win the final victory." Though disappointed, the Maoists saw the need for preparation.

This retreat by the Maoist faithful to the realm of the spirit is by no means an admission of failure on their part. They see themselves rather as adopting Mao's guerrilla tactic of taking one step backwards before taking two steps forward. With true Marxist patience they will wait until the masses have been aroused to revolutionary ardor. Interestingly, it is the Westerners in Hong Kong who suspect that to oust the British, China may sometime simply seize Hong Kong militarily. The local Communists do not conceive of such a seizure, for it would not constitute the "final victory" for which they yearn. What they seek is the humiliation of the imperialists, an acknowledgment by the imperialists of their guilt, not simply their banishment and removal. Humiliation is the only punishment (to the Chinese mind) to fit the crime of a "100 years' persecution," and it can occur only when the vast majority of the Hong Kong Chinese are united, able to force the British into a public apology. Thus the need for patient, long-term education.

Internal Divisions

It is important to note, however, that the Hong Kong Communists themselves are far from united. Broadly speaking, there are two groups of Communists in the colony: the businessmen and bankers, the most important of whom are appointed directly by Peking, and the students, union leaders and workers.

In the past the Peking appointees have been able to control the local party, but when the Cultural Revolution reached its height in the spring of 1967, the students and workers could not be held back. The leader of the Federation of Trade Unions, Yeung Kwong, emerged as Chairman of the Anti-Persecution Struggle Committee. Backed by an estimated 3,000 militant Communist students (there are 20,000 children in Hong Kong's Communist schools) and a few thousand workers, Yeung forced three of the conservative Peking appointees to lead fist-swinging, chanting demonstrations at the residence of Sir David Trench, governor of Hong Kong. Their embarrassment was evident, since in the past they

have attended social occasions at Sir David's house. One of the three, Kao Chu-siung, a millionaire night-club owner, also holds the British Empire medal for charity.

After October 1, however, when moderate winds began to blow again out of Peking, the business segment of the local party was able to reassert itself. Yeung Kwong was reportedly called back to China, and Fei Yi-ming, wealthy publisher of the Communist paper *Ta Kung Pao*, who has extensive real estate interests and at least three expensive cars, became the virtual head of the Hong Kong party. Mr. Fei and other wealthy Communists support British control over Hong Kong, since it is of such great economic advantage to Peking, and they pay only lip-service to Mao's quotations. But they are still Communists. Like other "capitalist-road" Communists inside China, they are concerned, as the Maoist zealots are not, with material improvements for the workers and the poor. Moreover, they feel that Hong Kong's economic growth—and thus increased earnings for Peking, through remittances and sale of Communist consumer goods—will depend upon such improvements. If the workers, for example, who number approximately one-fourth of the population, do not feel they are benefiting from Hong Kong, they will be more likely to support the Maoist appeal for final "victory." And even if Peking prefers to leave Hong Kong in British hands, its hand might be forced by a truly popular uprising in the colony.

The Hong Kong authorities, of course, claim that any redistribution of wealth in the colony would frighten away investment capital, leading to a weaker economy that would hurt everyone in Hong Kong, rich or poor. Thus Hong Kong continues without a minimum wage law, without social security, and with a maximum income tax of 15% on corporate and individual income. Workers are generally hired by the day (earning an average of \$1 for ten hours), and may be dismissed by their employers without notice. The government has not attempted to encourage an effective union movement, which can scarcely get off the ground on its own in a city with more than 10,000 factories employing an average of less than fifty workers each. Moreover, in a colony with nearly 600,000 squatters, and which in 1967 (as in most years) has a budget surplus, the government still allots only 1% of its spending to "social welfare."

In the area of legal justice, the government appears to be acting with equal unconcern for the allegiance of the citizenry. Under a new Public Order Bill, the Colonial Secretary may detain any person without trial for up to one year. (The colony's Attorney-General announced recently that up to fifty people have been detained thus far.) The bill gives the police wide powers to arrest, detain, enter private dwellings, whenever a policeman believes they form an "intimidating assembly." Protest against the bill has been loud but unavailing. The usually staid Hong Kong Bar Association, in its 1967 Annual Report deplored the "unfettered powers of the Co-

lonial Secretary"; the respected *Far Eastern Economic Review* called for the immediate nullification of the "tyrannical" piece of legislation.

In addition, the sentences meted out to some offending young Maoists have been attacked as excessive by both Communists and non-Communists in the business community. A seventeen-year-old boy, for example, was jailed for 18 months because "inflammatory posters" were found on his bed. A seventeen-year-old girl got three years for "leaving premises containing offensive weapons" (not necessarily firearms). And a fourteen-year-old boy received five years for possession of a bomb.

The social stability and economic growth sought by both the Peking moderates and the Hong Kong authorities have therefore been bought at the price of greater

police powers and low wages and minimal benefits for Hong Kong's workers. The long-term danger to this profitable symbiosis is that public resentment in the colony against the British may boil over and force Peking to intervene—perhaps not with soldiers, but with political support strong enough to precipitate a money exodus. It would not be surprising if China's Chou En-lai pray secretly for the coming of a bit of socialism to the *laissez-faire* land of Jardine-Matheson.

We should not assume, however, that the "businessmen" in Peking will prevail indefinitely. If nothing else, the last two years have shown that many Chinese leaders are prepared to put ideology far ahead of economic stability. But for the time being, those in command have decided to preserve the pragmatic pact.

An aborted film festival

THE REVOLUTION HITS CANNES



LEONARD J. BERRY

The 21st International Film Festival of Cannes opened May 10th with the 70mm resurrection of "Gone With The Wind," made its elegant way through eight days and nights of screenings (skipping a beat on the 13th for the first nationwide strike), and ended eight days early on the 18th, a victim of the current French revolution.

Perhaps fittingly, perhaps prophetically, this tiny part of recent developments in France began in the small screening room—the Salle Jean Cocteau—of the huge, plush Palais des Festivals which overlooks the bay of Cannes. The Salle Jean Cocteau is reserved for the low-budget films—called the "proletariat flics" here—shown out of competition during la Semaine de la Critique (Week of the Critic).

Early on the morning of the 18th, members of the press and trade turned out for the projection of "The Rocky Road To Dublin," a 16mm color documentary on how the Irish revolution turned sour. Scheduled to follow the film in the same room was a news conference with the committee for the defense of the Cinémathèque Française, featuring New Wave directors Jean-Luc Godard, François Truffaut, and Claude Lelouch.

The trio arrived on time after an all-night drive from Paris and took the stage of the packed room; without a word about the recently embattled Cinémathèque, Godard declared, "Everything must come to a halt. The Festival must be shut down and another system of showing the

films must be found." Lelouch announced he was withdrawing his two films from competition and Truffaut called on the assembled to act "in solidarity with the students and workers."

The declarations of the three were greeted by wild cheering; it was the beginning of the end. Roman Polanski, obviously consulted beforehand, announced he and two other members of the Festival jury had resigned and that the jury would meet privately to decide whether or not the six other members would remain.

The announcement brought the first of many moments of chaos as journalists and film people shouted to be heard. Truffaut brought some order by suggesting those interested should move to the Grande Salle (the main theatre of the Palais) where there would be room for all and microphones so all could be heard.

During the 10-minute transition the crowd grew to more than 1,500. And by the time the microphone was plugged in, it was clear most of the people wanted the Festival to end, or change. But the manner and the method were far from resolution.

On the stage of the Grande Salle with more than 100 other people, Godard was the first to speak; he began to outline his ideas for "a revolutionized festival with all films shown, with free screenings for everyone." An unidentified but clearly enraged film maker charged Godard, knocked him off his feet, and seized the mike. A brief, noisy fist-fight followed. Godard, who had lately been at the barricades with the students in Paris, apparently had had enough for he quickly escaped crowd, stage, and

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Palais and disappeared permanently from the Festival scene. The combative film maker who started the fight was never heard from, although a score of other directors and dozens of French and foreign journalists were.

Except for two or three dissenters, all agreed the Festival should be stopped or changed, or both. Some wanted 24-hour-a-day screenings so every film within transporting distance of Cannes could be shown. Others called for a total halt and the occupation of the Palais so there could be continual discussion of the reform of the French cinema and "the bourgeois power structure which made this sterile Festival possible." Everyone wanted to be heard and those responsible for the small measure of control in the Grande Salle did their best to make this possible. But it was a hopeless task.

In the midst of the confusion, Festival officials cut off the microphone and began the scheduled press screening of the Spanish film, "Peppermint Frappé," starring Geraldine Chaplin. But the stage hands refused to open the curtain covering the screen and the credits and first five minutes of Geraldine doing something or other appeared in a surrealistic technicolor tableau on the curtain—this effect enhanced by people on stage who pulled the curtain making its graceful folds flow and undulate. Geraldine—for days a quiet, timid figure among the high-powered personalities at the festival—rushed from her seat in the orchestra, grabbed the mike which had been reactivated by the rebels, and cried "Take our film off!" over and over till someone in the projection room did just that.

More shouting, more pushing and pulling to control the microphone. The next noted statement over the loudspeaker was that "Whatever happens, this room must be considered occupied." More confusion.

Then someone announced an effort would be made to contact each and every person who had a film in the Festival. There would be a recess till three o'clock when results of the effort would be made known.

Well, this is France and in France one eats lunch, revolution or no revolution. The auditorium began to empty, leaving a token force to carry on the occupation.

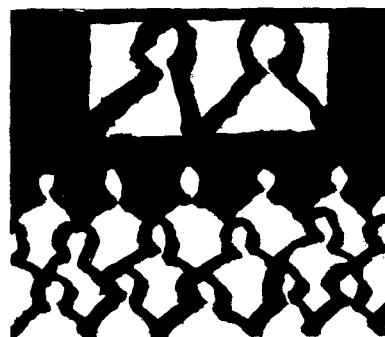
The arguing continued as the people spilled out into the glaring Mediterranean mid-day. Polanski, fresh from the jury meeting, was spotted on the street and questioned. "The whole jury is resigning—it's unanimous. I resigned because I'm a film maker and I sympathize with the French film makers and technicians. But I regret this very much. This is an international event and a lot of people not involved in the politics will suffer. There are a lot of things wrong with the Festival but I don't think this is the way to correct them. But. . . ." He looked toward the crowd coming down the steps from the Grande Salle. There was nothing to be done.

Two other members of the jury, Monica Vitti and Terence Young, were also on the street. Young spoke for both: "Solidarity with the students, just say solidarity

with the students." He grabbed Miss Vitti by the arm and told her, "Let's get out of here!"

Lunch was an elaborate and delicious *salade Nicoise*, purchased dearly at a sidewalk restaurant next to the Palais so as not to miss anything. But nothing happened; it was lunch-time and one eats.

Back in the Grande Salle at three o'clock the scene was quieter, more business-like. People were still looking for seats when film makers began to announce they were withdrawing their films from competition or the *Semaine de la Critique*. Those who didn't appear sent messages to the Palais. When the list was completed it was discovered the only film remaining in competition was "Anna Karenina," the Russian entry. The announcement brought laughter, whistles (derisive in France), cat-calls, boos, hoots and other expressions of Gallic emotion. The fact is, nobody knew where the Russians were. The other fact is, the Russians had no idea anything was going on, for their delegation, having motored from



Paris, showed up the next evening with bells on for the gala screening of their film . . . hours after the Festival was officially closed.

The road to the official closing was long, hot, and smoky. After the announcements of the film withdrawals, Robert Favre Le Bret, founder-director of the Cannes Film Festival, entered the Grande Salle (with guarantees no harm would come to him) to announce there would be no screenings that night and that those film makers wanting to do so could project their films in whatever manner they chose beginning the next morning, the 19th.

That was for the time being. Interested "professional people" were requested by the organizers of what was now being called "the strike" to appear at eight o'clock in the Salle Jean Cocteau "to continue the dialogue and discuss the details" of the rebellion.

That night the Salle Jean Cocteau was packed and the absence of air-conditioning was painful. This lack of amenity only served to shorten tempers; it did not deter the film people and journalists from the business at hand—talking.

Once again, and with more success, an attempt was made to give everyone his say. Foreign directors expressed concern over the fact they'd come thousands of miles to show their wares—often first films to be shown for the

first time anywhere. Most of the foreigners expressed sympathy with the French but asked for a solution for themselves so the trip to Cannes would not be a total loss.

Some few foreigners—like an American producer who railed in English at a Frenchman behind the stage—were really angry. The American—richly dressed and appearing on the verge of a coronary—demanded of the Frenchman, “What the hell kind of people are you? You invite us here to show our films and then you do this.” The Frenchman tried to explain; the American would have none of it. (Six hundred miles to the north, Prime Minister Georges Pompidou ordered another 10,000 military police into Paris, bringing the supposedly secret total of police in the capital close to 75,000.)

The French were aware their revolution was causing inconveniences, even crushing hopes. The alternatives were voiced repeatedly: close the Festival completely and occupy the Palais; open it completely to all films and all people; continue it, but only for members of the trade and press; close the Festival and show the movies in town.

The debate covered a lot of ground: the nature of revolution, the nature of *this* revolution, the maladies of the French cinema, the maladies of the society, even the maladies of the Festival . . . on and on with no results. By three in the morning the room stank of stale cigarette effluvia, stale bodies, and clashing ideologies. Someone suggested “in view of the stalemate” to adjourn till 10 o’clock. Exeunt all with alarum and clamour.

The Salle Jean Cocteau was filled before 10 and the discussion was picked up where it had been left in the wee hours—which is to say nowhere. People kept talking but no solution was in sight . . . not until Favre Le Bret entered the room to say he’d met with film makers and officials and had an announcement:

“Circumstances not permitting the assurance of projections under normal conditions, the Administrative Council of the Cannes Festival decides to stop the Festival and apologizes for the situation vis-à-vis the participating foreign personalities.

“The Council decides unanimously to declare the 21st Festival closed, Sunday, May 19, 1968 at noon.”

The remainder of the day was confused. A small group of film makers and journalists made their way to nearby Nice to talk to students occupying their university and to see a documentary made in Paris a few days before. A special projector, not available at the university, was needed to screen the film. So the group went to a production company in Nice, sat on the floor of a dubbing studio, and waited while a film editor tried to figure out how to run the projector.

After about a half hour he got the film threaded in the machine and running, but without sound. Since most of the film was interviews, the sound was essential. Somebody told the editor to “push all the buttons and see what happens.” He pushed all the buttons and the screen

exploded into a lovely multicolored ectoplasm. The film had burned in the projector.

Back to Cannes. The strike was spreading. Trains were not running and the limited bus service had been terminated hours before. Big film people were running around trying to get their movies into local theaters or, barring that, trying to book flights from Nice. The flights were terminated before 10 Sunday night.

At this writing one can still see Festival films at local theaters—projectors and seats available on a first-come, first-served basis. Thus the Festival more-or-less continues in a manner suggested during the debate.

But the interest in film has waned. Every available rent-a-car has been rented and most of the transient automobile owners have pulled out of Cannes, SRO. The bay of Cannes is full of boats and those wealthy enough are hiring them for rides to the functioning transportation systems of Italy and Spain, countries where revolution is only a nasty rumor.

THE USES OF INSANITY



THE STAGE

It is impossible not to like Frank D. Gilroy. Starting with his one very good failure, *Who’ll Save the Plowboy?*, and continuing with his enormously successful soap opera, *The Subject Was Roses*, and his dismal attempt at a present-day Hippolytus tragedy, *That Summer—That Fall*, one went right on liking Gilroy. There is something unassuming about his very pretentiousness: even that hapless Hippolytus had about it a kind of stubborn monosyllabicity that made one deplore it, but not (as with Jules Dassin’s *Phaedra*) detest it.

The Only Game in Town is equally likable and completely unnecessary. This Las Vegas comedy concerns a pair of lovable small-time losers: a young man who maintains himself between ruinous gambling bouts by playing the piano in a bar; and a young woman who, between vacations with a married tycoon from San Francisco, supports herself by dancing in a chorus line. (Very likably, she takes no money from her lover.) The two losers meet and have an affair; the tycoon, now divorced, turns up and claims his long-time slave. But his peremptory manner compares unfavorably with the gambler-pianist’s wise-cracking diffidence, and the girl lets him go. Two years pass in seesaw togetherness; the dependable loser finally wins a modest mint and the amiable dolt of a dancer is persuaded to marry him. All this to the steady accompaniment of every kind of gag: wilful, wistful, wilted, desperate, sometimes even funny. And, of course, a sporadic foray into earnest sentimentality.

The program describes Gilroy as “a product of television’s Golden Age,” and, like Hesiod, television is entitled

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to its nostalgic myths, though why this age of iron pyrites should spill over into the theater is not quite clear—unless it be that the stage is more hospitable than TV to moderate sexual boldness. To be sure, *The Only Game in Town*—which turns out to be a reference to marriage, and isn't that a quaint and likable conceit?—is derived not only from television but also from such frothy comedies as *The Voice of the Turtle*, *Born Yesterday* and *Any Wednesday*. It is, in fact, the staple light entertainment of yesteryear's theater; but with movies and TV absorbing more and more of this treacle, and time moving on, how much longer can the theater afford immobility?

The acting is extremely competent: Barry Nelson's gambler has just the right kind of crumpled charm from behind which the ego can, on occasion, gesticulate maniacally; Leo Genn makes the S.F. millionaire redolent with civilized British stuffiness; and once you get used to Tammy Grimes's slatternly bedroom diction, you can live with it in fairly pleasant concubinage. Miss Grimes has, in fact, a little-girl sexiness that should be particularly appealing to middle-aged lechers, and there must be similar enclaves that will cherish Gilroy's play. (*At the Broadhurst*)

Of much greater interest is the double bill of Sam Shepard's *Red Cross* and John Guare's *Muzeeka*. Shepard is one of the most stimulating figures in the off-and-off-off-Broadway theater; in *Red Cross*, he conjures up a day in the estival life of a young couple in a forest cabin. She wakes up with a vision of her head splitting open someday on a ski slope; while she goes off to do the shopping, he entertains the maid who comes in from town with tales of his crab lice that have, he claims, bothered him for years. He also gives her a swimming lesson on top of two parallel beds. When his wife (or companion) returns, she has itchy privates and he, suddenly, a cracked-open skull. The transference of ailments is rather perfunctory and little more than a disembodied *coup de théâtre*. But the scene with the maid is spectacular dementia. At the end of a grotesque lesson, during which she proves inept even at *terra firma* swimming, the maid suddenly launches herself on the waters of the mind, and describes in detail her imaginary life as a fish. This is a surreal ontogeny (or phylogeny) in reverse, a weirdly alive regression throbbing and thrashing about on the stage. Florence Tarlow is overwhelming as the maid; not even Jacques Levy's arch direction—which includes reducing everything, even groceries, to pure whiteness so that the final blood can loom redder and larger—can get in her way.

Muzeeka is an episodic script, tracing the life of Jack Argue, a nonentity. We see him immured in a boring marriage and a boring job with a piped-in music company; we witness his feeble stab at adventure with a whore offering bizarre but bored couplings; we follow him to the Vietnam war, a brilliant travesty of a grim

farce. At the prospect of returning home to a yet more pronounced life as a successful cipher, he commits suicide. Why is this mild, doe-like John called Jack Argue? Because he can argue himself into believing that he is happy, productive, adventurous, no matter how stale and bootless everything around him may be.

The play proceeds by blackout sketches, on the whole quite funny, and protagonist's monologues, on the whole rather flat. But in the Vietnam sequence it reaches a comic fierceness that is admirable. A buddy of Argue's is afraid of going to fight because CBS is televising the day's battle, and he is under contract to NBC. "Good thing about NBC," he explains, is that "dull days when there is no fighting, like Lunar New Year, they run reruns of the old fighting, and we get residuals." But if NBC dumps him for fighting for CBS, he may get into trouble with both; and, as he loudly protests, "I'm not fighting for any Channel 13!" (Educational TV). Meanwhile Argue's wife writes him things like, "Do you have any friends, or is everybody terribly tacky?" If ever the ridiculous had its pathos, this is it. Joe Ponazecski (succeeding Sam Waterston) is an excellent Argue, and the supporting cast, directed by Melvin Bernhardt, satisfies.

In these two plays we can see juxtaposed with a somewhat coy, deliberate madness that does not go much beyond Gilroy's sane and tidy merriment, something else that is much bigger. At times, both in Shepard and in Guare, an inspired, prophetic hallucination takes over. It is an infection caught from an absurd world; transmuted, it makes the theater break out in a rash of genius. (*At the Provincetown*)

JOHN SIMON

CLOVEN FEET DANCING



THE SCREEN

This is the week for weirdies in film. And for any kind of enjoyment or appreciation of these movies you have to put yourself in the mood—just as when you go to the ballet and see that lovely "Giselle" you have to believe in the Wilis, or when you see Disney's "Snow White" you have to accept its magic, or when you read or see "The Turn of the Screw" you have to believe in ghosts and the existence of evil. So convince yourself before you go to "Rosemary's Baby" that there are such things as witches. Also be prepared to be scared to death.

My only complaint with "Rosemary's Baby" is that the first half is so slow. We get detail after detail as the young Woodhouse couple, Rosemary and Guy, look at an apartment on Central Park West in New York (the famous Dakota Apartment House is the setting) and move in in spite of some of the lurid stories about the old building, furnish the flat nicely with modern furniture, and begin to meet their neighbors. The Castevets

next door prove most neighborly, especially Mrs. Castevet who keeps popping in and out with food and drinks and presents, as if she and the Woodhouses were old friends. As time passes you begin to be suspicious of these nose-y, solicitous neighbors; and eventually so does Rosemary, from whose point of view the whole story is told. By the time the picture is half over, you begin to wish something would happen. But when the action really gets going, after Rosemary becomes pregnant, the real suspense starts. And by the time the film is finished, you (and Rosemary) have been put through tremendous suspense—and thrills. And then finally one understands how carefully director Roman Polanski (who also wrote the script—from Ira Levin's novel) has developed the plot and revealed bits of information and clues that lead to all the shocks in the climax and finale.

I'd rather not do more than warn you that "Rosemary's Baby" has a great deal to do with witches and that you'll find it most scary if you pay close attention to all those seemingly small details during the first half. William Castle's production is excellent with fine color photography of the rooms in the old apartment house and various New York locales, and with a good cast, who are first rate under Polanski's direction. (This Polish director has already shown us in "Knife in the Water" and "Repulsion" that he's an expert in keeping an audience on edge.) Mia Farrow is both winsome and touching, as she becomes the victim of the harrowing goings-on in this large apartment building. Also good are John Cassavetes, as her actor husband who gets so friendly with the Castevets; Maurice Evans, as Rosemary's kindly friend who is so concerned with Rosemary's extreme illness during her pregnancy; Ralph Bellamy, as the doctor to whom the Castevets send Rosemary; Sidney Blackmer, as the slick Mr. Castevet; and Ruth Gordon, as his wife in a performance that is perhaps too good as she steals every scene she's in and manages to combine humor with menace in a way that makes her as important as Rosemary. As I said, you have to accept witches to appreciate "Rosemary's Baby," but accept them or not, the film's final scenes will make your blood run cold.

Noel Coward plays the Witch of Capri in "Boom," but he's not really a witch at all. He's just a friend and adviser and fortune teller to Elizabeth Taylor, who as Mrs. Flora Goforth in this strange movie is a multimillionaire (because of her five rich husbands) and who is dying in spite of all her money. When I saw this Tennessee Williams play on the stage, it was called "The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore," and that Noel Coward role was played by a woman. The play has gone through several other transformations since it first appeared. Since none of the productions was very successful, I'm not sure why it is now filmed. Williams wrote the screenplay which has several of his nicely-written parables and diatribes on life and death. Joseph Losey

did the best he could in directing it, and Miss Taylor gives a good performance as the dying rich lady who owns and rules the island she lives on, wears fantastic clothes and jewels, uses foul language that becomes somewhat absurd, and who treats the people around her as if they were dirt. The two whom she should be nicer to are her secretary, well played by a very attractive newcomer, Joanna Shimkus, and her houseguest, who is named Chris Flanders but is known as the Angel of Death, and who is played by Richard Burton, whose beautiful voice does full justice to the script's anecdotes and pretentious lectures.

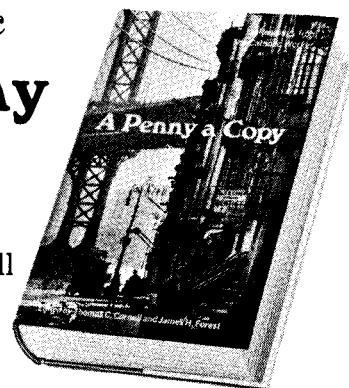
I'm not sure what "Boom" is trying to prove. Its title has something to do with the sounds that waves make at the shock and pleasure of still being alive. As jammed as the film is with symbols (a mixture of Christian and pagan and signifying little) what plot there is is told mainly through the dialogue. The visuals serve mainly as illustrations—and very beautiful illustrations they are. "Boom" has gorgeous color photography of Mrs. Goforth's villa; it was shot in Sardinia; and Miss Taylor's exotic costumes are stunning. So is Miss Taylor, although she looks a touch healthy for a dying woman. Perhaps the point of the film with all its beauty and despair and sadness is put forth by Mrs. Goforth when she asks. "What the hell are we doing, going from one abstraction to the other?"

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

From *The Catholic Worker*—
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Dorothy Day, Peter Maurin, John Cogley, Thomas Merton, Jacques Maritain, Gordon Zahn...since 1933, *The Catholic Worker* has been the unorthodox voice of the Catholic left. These selections express the individualistic reactions of thirty-two writers to everything from draft resistance to life on the land, from obliteration bombing to coffee for the Bowery "ambassadors," from the world of jail to views of literary and revolutionary figures.

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BOOKS

Fulfilling human sexuality: bodily possibilities

Beyond Birth Control

SIDNEY CORNELIA CALLAHAN

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CHARLES E. CURRAN

Sidney Callahan presents here a positive and balanced understanding of human sexuality from within a Catholic context. Her essay is not a profoundly scientific treatise from the theological, anthropological or psychological viewpoint; but it is a very satisfying personal reflection, using the insights of many sciences to develop her thesis. Frankly, I was somewhat wary after reading on the first page of the Introduction the author's call for a "radical reappraisal and a new synthesis" of the Christian understanding of human sexuality. It is impossible to accomplish that goal ade-

quately within the confines of one book. Just a few pages later though, she wisely points out the need for a more tentative approach. *Beyond Birth Control* accomplishes the more modest goal.

A sense of balance and complexity characterizes Mrs. Callahan's analysis. Sexuality is one of the powers existing in man and not the only or ultimate explanation of human life. It is truly human and participates in the basic goodness of creation; it also shares in the destiny of the resurrection of the body. A Christian approach to sexuality thus recognizes and even celebrates the playful and joyful aspects of sexuality which often are over-romanticized by devotees of the mystique of sexuality, condemned by Jansenists, denied by stoics or ignored by rationalists. But human sexuality shares in the limitations which af-

fect all human existence—the finitude of man as seen in the limitations of time and space as well as in the sinfulness which impinges upon all human existence. Likewise, sexuality has not only an individual aspect, but also a communitarian or societal aspect which is frequently passed over in many discussions.

The first chapter on "Sexuality and the Resurrection," tries to find a middle course between sexual mystiques and anti-sexual suspicion which too often caricature the human understanding of sexuality. Sexuality with its joy and its pleasure is part of the goodness of God's creation, but it is not the only or the most important good of creation. Above all, for the Christian, the resurrection of Jesus and the teaching on the bodily resurrection of all men affirm the value of the human body. Human sexuality will continue to exist in the future life without the inherent limitations of time, space and sin which characterize human existence before the resurrection. Marriage and the exclusive sexual relationship between husband and wife is a time- and space-conditioned limitation. In heaven human sexuality will overcome the present limitations and become a way of relating with all men.

In the second chapter Mrs. Callahan sees freely chosen celibacy as an affirmation of freedom and community. Celibacy cannot be justified in terms of exclusivism, purification, angelism or denial; nor can celibacy be excluded by a mystique that views genital sexuality as the only way to achieve human maturity. Since sexuality is only one of a variety of human relationships and since sexual drive and energy can be sublimated, celibacy is possible. Religious celibacy finds its meaning in a greater inclusiveness of love and service (not limited to one particular person or one particular family). Religious celibacy is also a sign of the present incompleteness, which calls for the fulfillment

Public Money and Parochial Education: Bishop Hughes, Governor Seward, and the New York School Controversy

By Vincent P. Lannie

The dynamic and militant immigrant bishop of New York, John Hughes — a leader in the attack against Protestant-oriented education — engaged in a bitter struggle with the public schools of New York City from 1840 to 1842. That dispute helped shape the development of parochial and secular education in the United States. Hughes, unsuccessful in his attempt to make the public schools religiously acceptable to Catholics — and denied public funds for Catholic schools — became a prime mover in the establishment of a church-financed parochial school system. He was also, paradoxically, the catalyst in the eventual total secularization of American public education.

The New York school question was essentially a political one. This study casts a valuable historical light on the conjunction of education and politics in America and on crucial issues, raised during the controversy, which remain unresolved.

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of community to come at the end of time. Mrs. Callahan rightly admits that the religious or celibate vocation cannot be compared to marriage, but she betrays an occasional ambiguity by speaking in terms of a comparison.

The chapter on sexual development explains briefly and most appealingly the elements to be taken into consideration in understanding the development of sexuality in the person—the individual and the community; the basic goodness of sexuality and inherent limitations; the present moment, the past and future; sexual joy and pleasure as well as discipline. In this and other chapters Mrs. Callahan argues convincingly against a rampant individualism, a present-oriented pragmatism, and person-denying, one-sided technology. In this context a few brief pages deftly and sensitively consider the questions of masturbation, homosexuality and premarital sexuality.

The last three chapters apply to marital sexuality the basic notions developed in the first part of the book. Genital sexuality is limited to the marital state but not because of any anti-sexual bias. The limitations and imperfections of human existence at the present time explain the need to limit genital sexuality to marriage. Married people will definitely feel an attraction for others of the opposite sex, which should not be merely repressed but sublimated. Monogamy and indissolubility are called for at least as ideals because of the covenant fidelity needed in marriage. Perhaps there might be some need of a compromise in practice for those who are divorced. The chapter on the control of fertility summarizes much of the recent literature in Catholic circles on the question of responsible parenthood. Marriage requires a generosity in the service of life as well as the need for artificial contraception. Childbirth and child-bearing also show the need for parents' understanding of their own sexuality and the need to communicate such healthy attitudes to their children.

The few disagreements I have with Sidney Callahan's presentation are primarily a question of degree rather than substance. Perhaps the resurrected body

transcends human sexuality more than the author admits. Sight, touch and hearing will also reach their fulfillment in the resurrected body, but I am not too sure what precise form that completion will assume. I can still uphold the basic goodness and resurrected fulfillment of human sexuality without knowing precisely what the resurrected body will be like. The limitations of human sexuality so well described in the book seem to be inherently connected with sexuality itself and not primarily connected with the spatial and temporal limitations of present human existence.

At times her approach appears to be somewhat *a priori*, with too little attention paid to the relativities of history and anthropology as well as to the important but limited insights of psychology and sociology. Occasionally, quotations from Scripture are used almost as proof texts. I agree that commitment to a religious vocation can change, and the institutional Church must make provisions for this. However, the book inaccurately states that transitions from re-

ligious vocations to the lay married state continue to meet staunch opposition. Actually, dispensations are quite easily obtained from the religious vow of virginity but not from the priestly discipline of celibacy. However, my objections are comparatively minor. I wholeheartedly recommend Sidney Callahan's book for a thoughtful Christian reflection on the understanding of human sexuality. College teachers will find here an excellent introductory book for supplementary reading and/or class discussions.

**Quotations from
Chairman LBJ**

EDIT. JACK SHEPHARD &
CHRISTOPHER WREN

Simon & Schuster, \$2

JOHN QUIRK

Every four years the political economy of the American publishing industry receives a boost from the plethora of candidate profiles and collected

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speeches. Inevitably, there are casualties as well as super-sellers. Already, the Romney books have passed out of currency and Mrs. Evelyn Lincoln's *Kennedy and Johnson* has cornered the women's clubs markets but soured the reviewers. Now, a spoof called *Quotations from Chairman LBJ* seems destined to take a dip during the "moratorium" on criticism of President Johnson which has followed his recent announcements, inversely proportional to the rise in the stock market.

Patterned after the format of *Quotations From Chairman Mao* with a cover of LBJ in a Chinese tunic, this penultimate anti-book was designed to appeal to the same collegiate audience who purchased 360,000 copies of Mao-ese last year and regarded themselves as cultural revolutionaries against the Great Society. Before Johnson's dramatic gesture, orders and sales had gone into several hundred thousand copies. The evident intention and effect of this anti-book was to provide a sort of catharsis to its largely new left and hippie oriented readers, reassuring them that Lyndon Johnson, indeed, had no *charisma*.

Yet, in this unpredictable year, the events of the past weeks were not really improbable. For the image parlayed by *Quotations From Chairman LBJ* of a simplistic corn-pone background and cotton-candy mentality gathered under topics like "Benign Despotism" underestimated the character of the relentless political beast that is Lyndon Baines Johnson. Indeed, the two *Look* magazine editors, Christopher Wren and Special Forces veteran Jack Shepherd, are both disillusioned Johnson supporters. In fact, many members of the self-appointed American intelligentsia bought the message of these happy homilies of the Great Society barbecue in the early days of Johnson's reign. The question which ought to continue to concern the observer is this: what is the source of the peculiar power of the Johnsonian brand of latter-day populism?

A short historical review of the reception of previous volumes of Johnsonese, I would suggest, provides the

answer. Three images of LBJ have surrounded his career: a raucous, droning version of the New Southernism, bordering on parody; a reciter of the banalities and clichés of hyper-Americanism, whose rhythmic musings on war and peace and race seemed a dull oratorical poetry; and, the steamboat poker-player, the Texas Solon. For the most part, these triple images are compounded in *Quotations From Chairman LBJ* where we read that a color-bar is inserted into his Johnson City ranch deed, that he once compared anti-lynch laws to a "police state" and later intoned "we shall overcome," and that he boasted to reporters: "On January fourth, we laid the program down. And then we fogged the Congress in, the messages, one by one . . ." But, these commonplaces conceal as much as they reveal about the Lyndon Baines Johnson operation.

Like Everett Dirksen, the LBJ technique of power lies in his role as orator as well as wheeler-dealer: the corn merely covers the maneuver. Harking back to Aristotle and anticipating McLuhan, American politicians have long let the audience complete the enthy-meme and participate in the process of filling in definitions. Is Lyndon Baines Johnson for or against civil rights and peace? Bayard Rustin reads the appropriations sums while Dixiecrats see the way the legislation is administered; hawks applaud a show of strength at Khesanh and doves hang on talk of "talks." Do not ask what it is. We "escalate toward peace."

Thus, the urbane Adlai Stevenson, authoring an admiring introduction to the volume of Johnsonese entitled *A Time for Action* (1963) chose to ignore the sinister Cold War rhetoric ("total control of the earth that lies somewhere out in space") and to praise those homilies which struck his own fancy: "These speeches may help those who like definitions (of liberal or conservative) to make up their minds—though I suspect that he would rather be judged by what he does than by what he says," the late ambassador wrote. "One sees this in his commitment to liberalism and to great humanitarian causes."

Similarly, some leaders of SDS and SNCC originally interpreted LBJ's happy homilies as proof of residual populism. In early 1965, they confided to followers, troops in Saigon and war expenditures would also allow registrars and marshals in Selma and would up "the war on poverty." Why? Because they believed JFK sounded too cool, detached, establishmentarian; anybody who hooted and hollered like LBJ had to be an authentic populist. And old-line liberals such as John Roche welcomed the *substance* of Johnsonism as successor to the *style* of John F. Kennedy. At the same time, conservatives and businessmen were allayed by exhortations to "fiscal prudence" and "law and order."

Reviewing the LBJ campaign book *My Hope for America* (1964), it was Norman Mailer who grasped fully the implication of the "come on, and be happy" politics of consensus: "It is a face and a personality which could even, considering the Republican (Goldwater) alternative, inspire a touch of happiness . . . if it were not for this cove of Presidential prose . . . The ideals are double-barreled, a double end of the cornucopia. More for the poor, more for the rich; more for peace, more for war; dedicatedly opposed to Communism, cautiously conciliatory. . . . For Johnson is a communications engineer. . . . He uses words in inter-locking aggregates which fence in thoughts like cattle . . . to dull consciousness with sentences which are nothing but bricked-in power structures . . ."

Today, Johnsonian rhetoric possesses and demonstrates an ability to co-opt criticism and close off the universe of political discourse. When Charles Percy puts forward ghetto home-ownership through grass-roots panels or Robert Kennedy crusades for minority rights, Johnson quickly incorporates their goals in his own speeches but subordinates the program content to the bureaucracy and the interests of the labor barons. Now, in that strange combination of the secretive and the exhibitionistic which arouses unprecedented expectation and skepticism among the population, the President has made a lightning bid to

strike down the challenges to his policies in both parties. If these bold strokes are instructive, it is in demonstrating that Johnson's rhetoric is pre-designed to leave him room to dominate the places where the logic of politics leads him.

If the Kennedy assassination literature has bordered upon political necrophilia, it is Lyndon Baines Johnson who has concocted a new *genre* of utopian pornography. With incomparable capability, LBJ has turned the five-letter word into a vote-getter: "Ford, that's *F*, and recreation, that's *R*, income is *I*, and education, that's *E*, and nursing homes, that's *N*, and a strong nation that will keep a good defense, that's *D*. *That* is what the Democratic Party stands for: Friend of all American families." And: "So, peace—that simple five-letter word—is the most important word in the English language at this time and it occupies more of our attention than any other word."

The Double Helix

JAMES D. WATSON

Atheneum, \$5.95

THOMAS L. HAYES

Sir Lawrence Bragg states in the foreword that the discovery of the structure of DNA has been one of the major scientific events of the century. Today, 15 years later, both the results and techniques of the initial work on this important genetic molecule still influence much biological research. James D. Watson was one of the central figures in this landmark discovery and in *The Double Helix* he reminisces about the persons and events involved.

The book is far more biographical than technical and, as such, its value

transcends the abstractions of science. James Watson emerges as a frank, at times tactless, critic. Francis Crick and Maurice Wilkins complete the brilliant trio that unraveled the puzzle of the shape of the DNA molecule and as a result shared the Nobel Prize for Medicine and Physiology in 1962.

In some ways each of the trio represents a different approach to scientific investigation: Wilkins attacking the problem by the careful, analytic collection of experimental data; Crick developing the theoretical basis for the interpretation of such data; and Watson employing a synthetic, nearly artistic method to experience the problem totally. The third approach runs counter to the classic ideas of research as an exact, analytic process but it is increasingly apparent that it is a valuable, even essential, method when dealing with complicated systems. The fact that the final assault on the DNA structure had to wait while the machine shop constructed parts for the model shows the marked influence of experiential information transfer on the creative thinking that led to the solution of the problem. Also, Watson's reference to their feelings that "a structure as pretty as this just had to exist" may reflect his interest in the synthetic, artistic approach. This method is subjective

and not very neat but it seems to nourish the occasional bright flash of awareness that makes a leap-frog jump in science possible.

However, without the experimental data and the theory for interpreting it, a particular idea, no matter how aesthetically pleasing, lacks connection to reality. The three methods of attack complement one another and this relationship is apparent in reading about the work of Watson, Crick and Wilkins.

In addition to these three central figures, the book describes a variety of scientists: some kind, others ruthless; some scrupulously honest, others charlatans; some creative and sensitive and others who were "not only narrow minded and dull but just plain stupid." In short, scientists are no better or worse than the rest of men in their moral, ethical, artistic and intellectual make-up.

The Double Helix illustrates with many examples that there is no particular ethical or moral position exclusively correlated with the ability to do good science. The converse is also true: good science, even the brilliant science described in this book, does not lead to a particular ethical or moral position. The discovery that the structure of DNA was a double helix has resulted in a flood of useful, innovative experi-

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REVIEWERS

FATHER CHARLES E. CURRAN is an associate professor of moral theology at the Catholic University of America.

JOHN QUIRK is a regular contributor to *The Activist, Dissent and Commonweal*.

THOMAS L. HAYES is a biophysicist at the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory, Berkeley.

14 June 1968: 389

ments that have thrust science forward in a giant step, but this same discovery has done precious little to solve even the smallest of mankind's critical problems of morals and ethics. Science describes a set of facts, but the significance of these facts can be interpreted in different ways. In general, each of these interpretations is logical, rational, internally consistent. In short, each interpretation is "scientific." Since many interpretations possess the same scientific merit, the option for a particular interpretation is made on other than scientific grounds. No moral or ethical system should be unscientific but they are all by nature non-scientific.

The story of the discovery of the structure of DNA illustrates again the

wide interdependence of scientific work. Investigators in widely separated parts of the world made important contributions to the DNA study. Watson comments, too, on contributions from the past: "the x-ray method he [Bragg] had developed forty years before was at the heart of a profound insight into the nature of life itself."

James Watson, for whatever motives, has given us a rare opportunity to develop feelings about the world of high-level scientific research. We should be grateful, for we very much need to develop accurate feelings about science and scientists.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 371)

grading and justifiable only, as Augustine held, for the purpose of procreation. By setting aside ample time for the thorough, open, candid and honest discussion of Father Fichter's proposal at their next national conference, the U. S. Catholic bishops will help to achieve not only the *aggiornamento* desired by Vatican II but also the fulfillment of the noble principle proclaimed by Pope Paul VI in "The Development of People": "Where the inalienable right to marriage and procreation is lacking, human dignity has ceased to exist."

(REV.) JOHN A. O'BRIEN

Seattle, Wash.

To the Editors: However little is to be conceded to them of validity, it isn't Fr. Fichter's conclusions from which one dissents so much as it is his passive method of arriving at them that makes one doubt his is a Christocentric vision of life whatever his *official* credo.

Although for many generations now man has been acculturated to an industrialized concept of himself, he can, despite every counter-influence, still produce variants from the norm who are true enough to Adam to reject any interpretation of his nature that assumes his purpose in life is to function in society like a man "made eunuch by the world," acquiescing to the *Zeitgeist* as

a Ford does to the assembly line. Of course, as statistical studies of our Catholic priesthood seem to indicate, it is possible to develop a type of Christian man who will respond to the *Zeitgeist* with not so much as a twitch of resistance to its puffing, panting assaults; but is it, as seen from the viewpoint of the Christian apostolate to speak of the truth in "new tongues," desirable?

If the creative core of humanity were not Christ but rather a copulative union of man and woman, Fr. Fichter's proposals could be taken as relevant to the need of mankind for the salvific truth that testifies of itself, and not to be mulled over as a tongue in the cheek. Indeed, were one to take his proposals with the *serioso* intent of Fr. Fichter himself, one ought to go beyond their excessive timidity to a bold reformulation of the entire Catholic community, baptizing only the married, who, to be confirmed in Christ, would have to demonstrate a genital prowess above and beyond that attributable to the non-Catholic. Marriage would be an obligatory condition of the catechumen and excommunication the lot of any full-fledged member of the People of God who failed to foster in his offspring the responsible decision that is for puberty to make.

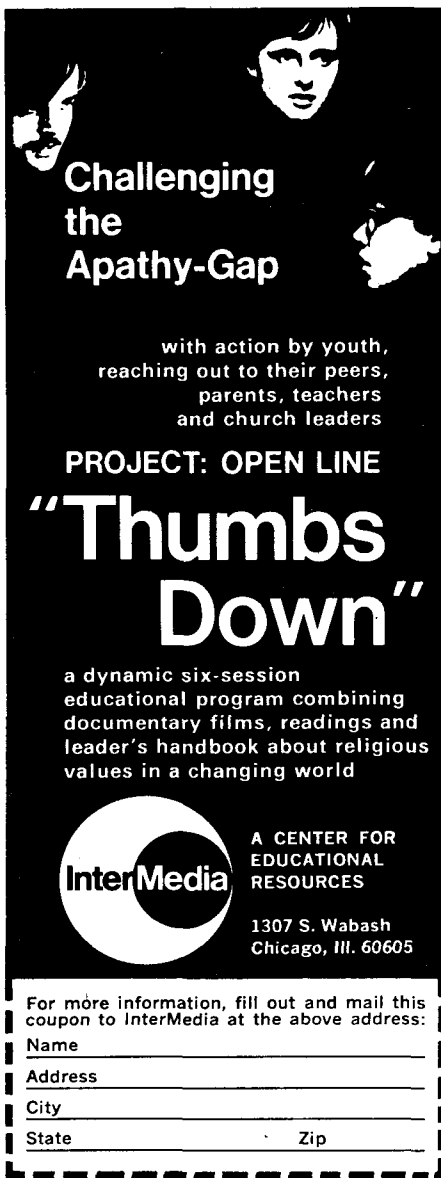
While much indeed to spoof, and even to scorn, there is indeed little to dissent from in conclusions derived from absurd reasons. It's just that one finds the Christ of sociology, like the man of rationalism, pollster credulity aside, damn hard to swallow.

BARBARA SHANAHAN

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: There are two unprofessional lapses in Joseph H. Fichter's article "Bishops Ought to Marry" [May 24]. These lapses manifest certain tendencies that bedevil our liberal (or better, adventuresome) spirits.

The first is an illogical inference. He notes that "more than six out of ten curates think that diocesan priests should be free to marry." On the basis of this poll, we are to infer that an "attitude favoring clerical marriage" is equally popular. Certainly an individual



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favoring the option whereby a priest might freely marry may in fact also favor marriage for himself or for any and all priests; but, again, he might not.

A similar example of faulty logic—not Father Fichter's fault—is to be found in some recent propaganda of The Campaign to Check the Population Explosion, where it is asserted that an overwhelming majority of American Catholics favor birth control. How is this verified? Surely not by the accompanying report that a given number of Catholics believe there should be free access to birth control information.

Father Fichter argues that bishops should be required to marry. Who can abide this high-handed proposal? In effect, he would supplant one alleged tyranny with another. If abridgement of one's right to marry is judged unfair, what about abridgment of one's right *not* to marry?

Father Fichter is not a bishop nor an announced candidate to become one. If he were, he might be more careful to observe that the right not to marry is as basic as the alternative. They are counterpart expressions of one and the same right. One chooses either alternative, in connection with, or independent of, other choices.

Speaking for myself, I expect of Father Fichter, as a priest-sociologist, that he be fairminded when publishing sociological advice. It seems a fair supposition that most people require the same. (REV.) QUENTIN KATHOL, O.S.B.

Movements and Moments

Butler, N.J.

To the Editors: A friendly correction of a Kirkegaard quote. In her article, "Report on the Underground" (May 10), Doris Grumbach has me quoting the Dane as saying: "If the movement is everything, the moment is nothing." The correct quote is: "If the moment is everything, the moment is nothing." I believe this version is more apposite (or, as the Underground might say, "more meaningful and relevant") as a comment on the cultural relativism that was dominant at the Boston College Institute, especially in the position

of Rosemary Ruether. Come to think of it, if Kirkegaard had been present at that Institute he might further have misquoted himself and said: "If this movement is everything, this movement is nothing." WILLIAM A. MARRA

A Bishop's Place

Columbia, S.C.

To the Editors: The prophecy of your editorial, "The Bishops" [May 24], was fulfilled two weeks ago. I quote you: "As the poorest of the nation's poor trudge through the streets in their homely working clothes, walking behind a symbolic pair of humble mules, what better place for a Catholic bishop, a successor of the Apostles and a disciple of Christ, who loved and lived among the poor all his life?" Bishop Ernest L. Unterkoefler of Charleston agreed. On Sunday, May 12, he led the poor people's march into the city of Charleston, walking the last four miles with them, then leading the operations involved in feeding and sheltering them for the night. The following day he moved with them by bus the 200 miles to Greenville, repeating a similar march into the city at their head. Greenville was the only place he had even been refused a drink of water. Never has he looked more the bishop than on that sunny Mother's Day in Charleston walking and singing at the head of the march.

(REV.) LELAND J. WHITE

Student Power

Dearborn, Mich.

To the Editors: A careful reading of the editorial "Student Power" [May 17], causes me to conclude, that you are aligned with the rowdy element at Columbia University, a generous percentage of whom were not even students.

All progress in every worthy endeavor begins with regulations and the ensuing order which follows their enforcement.

The procedure which took place at Columbia is so similar to the early acts of Hitlerism, it causes one to shudder.

There is an orderly way to accomplish everything. If the methods under which Columbia operates are displeasing

to some of its students, may I suggest they go elsewhere. Much in the manner that we pass up unpalatable food and move toward that which we find more savory.

As for, "the adult world lukewarm about admitting its. . . legitimated immoralities," we must presume then, that your riotous students and their associates, were paragons of morality. It is to laugh. ALOYS FRANK HERMAN

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